

BEAUTY AND CONSUMPTION



PALLADE-BOTTICELLI.

Is it true that tuberculosis has imposed on the world an ideal of beauty ever since the days of the Preraphaelite painters?

This type of beauty has impressed itself so deeply on artists that in recent years it has been regarded as presenting a purer and more artistic ideal than the fleshy models. In our own day women bearing the stigmata of consumption have been taken by the German artists of the secessionist school, as the radicals are called in Germany.

Especially have they used in their statuary the long necked, sunken chested, flat bosomed women who first looked out on the world from the canvases of Lippi and Botticelli. The type represented by the Venus di Milo is to-day regarded in Germany as artistically if not vulgarly healthy and boric.

This is the theory of Hillier, Huber and other writers on tuberculosis, and it has recently been elaborated in "Consumption and Civilization," by Dr. J. B. Huber. He agrees with his predecessors who have written on this subject that consumption had not been diagnosed when in the fifteenth century Lippi and Botticelli began to paint the wistful, red eyed, thin waisted women of the Middle Ages.

Consumption preyed upon mankind then unchecked by the precautions that education and medicine have devised to halt its progress. It was not until after the Renaissance that dissection was permitted and the nature of consumption revealed. When it was recognized as a disease its outward and visible signs ceased to appeal to artists, and the healthier types of models came in with Raphael and his successors.

Simonea Catanea, who posed for many of Botticelli's paintings and was the original of "Pallade," reproduced here, has been shown by historical and scientific proof to have been a consumptive. Women with the disease have often been able to inspire artists, and one of those painted most frequently by Dante Gabriel Rossetti died from consumption.

Many of the Burne-Jones women, with their vivid red lips, wearily ecstatic expressions, are as typical of the disease. In Burne-Jones's "Cupid and Psyche" the figure of the lover is characteristic of the consumptive in youth before the disease has developed itself fully.

It is a point of difference between the Preraphaelite painters and their modern

imitators that the stigmata of the disease are more marked in the older pictures.

Simonea Catanea served as the model of all Botticelli's Venuses, and one of the medical authorities says of her that the artist has reproduced, probably without intention, the unmistakable marks of her disease, which seemed to him a delicate and illusive kind of beauty.

Of the Rossettis models another specialist has written that they "have that expression of suffering which is undoubtedly phthisical in origin. A certain sweet sadness which attaches to these pictures is due to phthisis in the models. It is the appealing sadness of disease, and not the splendid natural beauty of health as symbolized in the Venus di Milo."

Perhaps these peculiarities explain to some extent the necessity of a certain kind of artistic taste to appreciate the work of these artists. The beauty of the Botticelli, Burne-Jones and Rossetti women is seldom perceptible to the Philistine in matters of art. Unconsciously the mind untrained to the exotic beauty of the consumptive type looks, for the enjoyment of aesthetic pleasure, to other sources.

The progress of the disease of consumption is slowest in the case of persons who do not have to work hard. Men who labor and live by the sweat of their brows may not last longer than a year from the time the tuberculosis develops. On the other hand, women who are not accustomed to hard work may suffer for many years without the disease manifesting itself malignantly.

As the models of the painters referred to were not women who belonged to the working classes, their disease was of the kind that developed very slowly. All the stigmata of tuberculosis are shown in the women selected as types of beauty by the artists of the new German school, and they have exaggerated the traits of the Preraphaelite women. They have made the look of lassitude even more pronounced. The limbs are lank and longer, the expression of the faces more weary and pensive, and the shoulders narrower and more sloping.

Pliny, the great Roman naturalist, has a method by which the artist can tell if a woman is a consumptive. He says that if a woman is a consumptive, her face will be pale, her eyes will be sunken, and her hair will be thin. He also says that if a woman is a consumptive, her hands will be cold, and her feet will be cold.

As the consumptive is a person who is weak and who is easily tired, it is not surprising that she is often a person who is very beautiful. The reason for this is that the disease of consumption is a disease of the lungs, and the lungs are the organs which give us our life. When the lungs are weak, the body is weak, and the body is weak when it is young, it is very beautiful.

Three broods of little ducklings appeared recently, to the delight of a couple of the keepers, who knew where the wild ducks' nests were hidden but did not dare to do more than peep at them for fear of attracting attention to the spot and thus alarming the ducks. No mother driving in the park with her children could be happier than was a mother duck the other day as she carefully picked her way down the stream bank from the nest, followed by her six ruffling offspring.

They had most genial dispositions and would have made friends with every one had the warning quack of their mother not kept them close to her side. She would let them go just so far but not an inch further, much to the amusement of the visitors who were trying to tempt them away.

In direct contrast to this happy family was a forlorn duck that waddled up and down the hard cement walk making all within hearing distance miserable with her quackings. Policemen, caretakers and boatmen were all pelted with questions as to the cause of her distress.

It was explained that she had recently been sitting on nine eggs. Finally one

called professionally fibro-calcious, which may not kill the sufferer for years.

Dr. Huber believes that Chopin's music was just as much affected by the long course of the disease which finally killed the composer, as it very well could be. He finds that it represented constantly the moods of the consumptive. He describes them in these words:

"The pathetic fact seems to be with regard to tuberculosis, as in all things else, that all phases of individual life, the physical, the moral, the mental, the spiritual, seem intimately blended and interdependent, so that the whole is affected by an abnormality in any one aspect."

"We may here note that as regards the moral nature the consumptive differs in no way from other chronic sufferers.

"The consumptive, however, as regards his psychism has to contend with some factors which do not generally obtain in other chronic affections. It is no wonder he is sensitive and that his sensitiveness makes him morbid, when others manifest fear because of his mere presence among them; look upon him as if he had committed some crime; are annoyed because of the cough and the expectoration compelled by his disease."

"We might here adopt the old classification of mind into will, intellect and emotions. The will, as all other mental aspects, is unstable and variable; however, there is sometimes an extraordinary optimism. The intellect is often acute; and sometimes it is uncanny."

"The emotions of consumptives are varied. Ecstasy, impulsiveness, obstinacy, irritability, abnormal energy, alternate with depression, grief, disappointment."

This state, Dr. Huber finds, is reflected in Chopin's music. He adds:

"Here we have a psychic state which reflects itself uncannily in Chopin's compositions. Indeed, it has even been said that it was wrong in Chopin to produce music so unearthy as his. After a piano concert devoted wholly to the compositions of Chopin the absence of the virile element is so impressive that the healthy would wish to run, to shout, to jump, to do some feat of strength by way of establishing an equilibrium."

"Much, indeed, of almost spectral beauty there is in this man's work, suggesting too instantly the white moonlight and exotic atmospheres. What mortal, indeed, will ever again, under a dream, hear such exquisite music—music supernatural and not at all of the earth—as that in the trio of the first polonaise, or such plaintive melody which sounds as if the composer was communing with the spirit creatures as is to be found in nocturne opus 37, and the 'cello waltz, opus 42, which sounds as if it were the wailing and the sighing of the spirit lovers whom Dante immortalized."

"Nowhere else in music—not even in the music of Beethoven, nor in Tchaikovsky, saturated with the dreadful melancholy of the Russian—appears such a sense of such tender, heart searching music as is characteristic of this composer. Nowhere else in music, perhaps, is there such a sense of the spirit of the earth as in the music of Chopin. It is in some measure because during the last ten years of his life—the most productive years, I suppose—poor Chopin was a consumptive."

WEAR AMETHYST AND BE SOBER.

Anti-Jag Qualities of the Gem Queen Alexandra Recommends.

Queen Alexandra, they say, has established a fashion for the amethyst, for the reasons that it is cheap and that it will encourage trade in Ireland. For precisely these reasons, the Queen's recommendation is to establish a fashion for Irish poplin.

That effort of statesmanship failed of success, and there is little reason to hope for success with the amethyst. It is only queens and other folk of assured station who can afford to wear such a gem. The Queen's recommendation is to establish a fashion for Irish poplin.

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CUPID BUSY AT CONEY ISLAND.

MANY MARRIAGES TAKE PLACE THERE IN SUMMER.

Some of the Weddings Unprecedented—Other Couples Choose to Be Married There for the Sake of the Romance—Experiences of the Coney Clergyman.

Coney Island has of late become popular with prospective brides and bridegrooms who want to have the matrimonial knot tied in a hurry. It is a sort of up-to-date Gretna Green, where young couples and couples not so very young give attentive friends and rice and old shoes the slip and dispense, five times out of ten, with the formality even of a bride and groom. Sometimes they forget to pay the minister, or their supply of ready cash is so slim that the minister forgets to demand a fee.

Last summer the Rev. Mr. Hughes, who is in charge of the little Coney Island church which holds its meetings mostly on the sands, and of the Rescue Mission, married more than fifty couples, most of whom occasionally came to Coney to see the sights.

"A few years ago," he explains, "the number of weddings at which I officiated was very small and I was more inclined than now to believe the stories young couples told of making up their minds all of a sudden to be married. They always surprised me, but then a minister gets a good many surprises from first to last, and so long as the important questions I asked were satisfactorily answered it was not my business to probe into the workings of the young people's minds."

"But of late the suddenly making up their mind story doesn't impress me much, for the reason that scarcely a bridegroom of the fifty I married last season was not provided with a wedding ring. I notice the same thing this summer, when business in the matrimonial line is even brisker than last year."

"Yes, it is true I married two couples the other evening, getting out of bed to attend to one of them, but it is not true that either pair gave as a reason for the marriage that they had lost the last train from the island. It was not nearly 11 o'clock when the bride arrived at the altar, and the bridegroom had been waiting for her for some time."

"Each bride was married with a ring and was of full age and apparently sensible and fairly well educated. Don't ask me why they were so late, but I don't know. By far the greater proportion of the marriages at which I officiate are the direct outcome of the love of the young people. I mean, from towns and cities in New Jersey, New York and Pennsylvania."

"Sometimes the young people arrive with these excuses who don't go back with them. When the starting time arrives they hang back, come here and get married and then go home. I have heard of a couple who came here to be married and were actuated by a desire to have something romantic, some feature of the ceremony, taking place where the ceremony came off before starting time and the couple went back with the excitement ready to go to housekeeping."

From the legal age or have reason to believe that fully 50 per cent. of the couples who come here to be married are actuated by a desire to have something romantic, some feature of the ceremony, taking place where the ceremony came off before starting time and the couple went back with the excitement ready to go to housekeeping."

Refuse to marry any of the couples? Well, not often. If they confess to being under the legal age or have reason to believe that fully 50 per cent. of the couples who come here to be married are actuated by a desire to have something romantic, some feature of the ceremony, taking place where the ceremony came off before starting time and the couple went back with the excitement ready to go to housekeeping."

THE MODERN WOMAN.

Hand painting on parasols, gowns and light summer wraps is making its way slowly into favor again. One handsome gown shown in a Fifth Avenue shop was decorated with big clusters of purple wistaria, the same motif being used on the parasol and in the flowers trimming the hat, which was in shepherdess style. The costume was intended to be worn at a garden party, and was designed for a woman past the first flush of youth.

Mrs. Henry C. Potter, wife of Bishop Potter, is responsible for the "Block Beautiful," as the Boulevard between Eighty-seventh and Eighty-ninth streets is called. Here she has discovered the statement of the Department of Highways that trees would not grow and thrive in the parkway since the subway was built. Her experiment of filling the block adjacent to her property with trees and shrubs has proved eminently successful. The grass is like velvet and the shrubbery within the iron fence which surrounds the park is a source of constant joy to the residents thereabouts and a delight to passers by.

"Never will I take any one shopping with me again," said a young woman.

"I never got any help when I needed it. My friends either persuaded me to get something I don't want or they keep me from getting something I do want. Then if you really do need some moral support when in a moment of rashness you decide upon a bit of extravagance, your friend maddeningly remarks that she thinks it would be much better economy to get some shirt waists with buttons that didn't come off, or something equally disagreeable."

"None of it for me after this. You will see me paddling my own canoe on shopping expeditions after this."

Never have women taken such an interest in the colors which they should wear as this season. A woman studies herself as she would the gown she is buying, and if not entirely sure of the result goes to the color expert, who is now an important feature of all the smart dressmaking or suit establishments.

Here are the rules of one expert: Green should never be worn except by a woman with a very clear skin or rosy cheeks, and even then it should be offset by the addition of white, red or rose.

To wear rose color against the skin is fatal for any but a girl in the first flush of youth, and dead white is equally damaging except under the same conditions.

Red is thought to be generally becoming, but worn against the skin it lessens the intensity of a brilliant coloring, and it should never be worn by a woman with a sallow complexion.

This is supposed to be mainly in the province of the blondes, brunettes may wear it, if it is relieved with orange or yellow.

A laundry work thing used upon yellow renders it whiter. The same rule holds good with complexions. Blue tends to whiten the skin of a sallow person.

Many women have had the disagreeable experience of cleaning silver toilet articles only to find that they have removed the lacquer which kept the silver bright, with the consequence that the cleaning must thereafter be of weekly occurrence. To replace the lacquer is a very simple matter.

Dissolve an ounce of shellac in a pint of methylated spirits. Cork the bottle tightly and leave it till next day, then pour off the clear liquid. Heat the metal slightly and paint the solution over it with a camel's hair brush.

A vexed question among women who follow the style is how to keep pumps from slipping up and down at the heels. Pumps are pretty and approved of fashion, but annoying because of this tendency.

One clever young woman who had purchased an expensive pair of pumps and didn't like the idea of discarding them had a couple of eyelets made on each side of the pumps just above the toe and laced across ribbon ties. Of course the appearance of the pumps was lost, but in its place was gained a pretty effect of a low tie, besides a degree of comfort worth the style that was lost.

Mending the finger tips of long gloves with court plaster is the trick one young woman makes use of to lengthen the life of this dress accessory which is such a luxury. She pastes the court plaster, white on white and black on black, on the inside of the finger tip, with the result that the gloves last immeasurably longer.

Cracker Peaches.

From the Richmond Times-Dispatch.

There are 20,000,000 peach trees in Georgia, and these yield an annual shipping crop of 5,000 cars, bringing in cash to the shippers from \$2,000,000 to \$5,000,000.

WERE VICTIMS OF TUBERCULOSIS THE FAVORED MODELS OF THE PRERAPHAELITES? — DR. HUBER AGAIN ADVANCES THE THEORY THAT CONSUMPTION HAS IMPOSED A TYPE OF BEAUTY ON THE WORLD



VERONICE VERONESE-ROSSETTI.

DECEIVED!

Two Deceiving Young Women on a Sight-seeing Automobile at Night.

Sam and Gus left the subway at Twenty-third street, strolled over to the Great White Way and began walking up Broadway from the three cornered skyscraper, in order not to miss any of the dazle.

"Right this way for Chinatown and the Bowery!" sang out the barker, eying them. Two pretty young women stepped up and bought tickets. They mounted to the front seat and sat demurely but confidently waiting for the evening's entertainment.

"Do you think it is safe for women to go to Chinatown alone?" asked Sam.

"Gee! I hate to see them do it!" replied Gus.

"See here," said Sam, "what do you say to doing the thing to-night? No time like the present. Those seats will be taken."

"It does look that way," replied Gus.

"And then we have the plunks, since the kid said you think it's safe."

"And you've heard of the old man. But having money is not the only thing that makes me want to go. Do you see those peaches?"

The girls glanced at Sam and Gus out of the corners of their eyes.

"See them!" replied Gus. "Now look here, our chance is right here and now. That dark girl is lonesome up there."

"She can't touch the light one," said Sam.

"If we can't get the blonde, let's get the dark one. Anything you say goes, just so we hustle for the seats."

Before either could hand out the money two fat women came along and said, almost in unison, to the girls:

"I see you are going on this trip. Are you alone?"

"Oh, yes," answered the girls. "It's perfectly proper. We have been on this trip before. The man in charge is lovely. He won't let a thing happen that is not real polite. He is so thoughtful."

By this time the fat women were buying their tickets. Sam and Gus feared the women would climb up to the seats they intended to occupy, but after sizing up the space the fat women seemed to realize that they would find more room behind.

After several other persons, fat and slim, had asked if the trip was perfectly proper for unattended women the young men jumped into the vacant seats and mopped the perspiration from their brows.

"The look friendly," whispered Sam. "I guess it's all right."

"A great night for a ride," said Gus.

Now every seat was taken, and as the starter gave a signal a surprising thing happened. The two pretty girls slipped by Sam and Gus and were walking off in the crowd before Sam and Gus had time to jump off. The girls looked back and smiled as the wheels began to turn.

"It's an outrage," muttered Sam.

"But the robber has our money, and we can't back out," said Gus.

"That's what they were here for, as bait for the crowd. Talk about decoy ducks!"

"We were sold all right, here on little old Broadway."

The girls were acting in answer to an advertisement which said:

Wanted—Young ladies (2) good appearance, work nights, short hours, moderate salary. Call at—

Milking Cows by Machinery.

From the Kansas City Star.

A test has been completed in the dairy department of the Kansas State Agricultural College which proves that milking machines are a success.

The machines were installed and the test conducted by Prof. O. Erf, in charge of the State dairy work. The machines operate by means of vacuum. A three-horse-power gasoline engine runs a vacuum pump which exhausts the air out of a system of pipes. These pipes run along the sides of the cows, and the milking machines are attached to these pipes by flexible hose.

The vacuum created by the pump runs a pulsator on the top of the can and this produces an intermittent suction in the cups attached to the teats of the cows. The suction draws the milk from the cow through the rubber tube and deposits it in the can. The milk is not exposed to the air, hence absolutely sanitary milk can be produced.

In Defense of the Gallus.

From the Baltimore Sun.

The "gallus" marks the freeman and the man of genuine, unpretending culture and civilization. Your ameb and your savage aborigine, in Mesopotamia the wild barbarian, wears a belt. In Yucatan the Indian wears a girdle of a cat's teeth; in Senegambia the shameless cannibal sports a gunnysack; in Atlantic City, a few years back, the dudes used to wear sashes. But find a man who, when he throws off his coat to begin his daily toil, lays bare a pair of heavy, sky blue calicoes, and you'll find a man who pays his way in the world, loves his wife, rears his children in the fear of the Lord, and votes the straight ticket.

The gallus is useful: It is graceful, and properly adorned with hand painted flowers and brass buckles, it is beautiful. To be ashamed of it, to conceal it or to abandon it for a sumptuous leather belt, is to fall in an essential of true manhood and to be in the face of fate.

BAIT FOR THE BACHELORS.

THE SUMMER GIRL GOES HUNTING WITH A PARASOL.

And Is More Than Ever Likely to Bag Her Prey This Year—The Latest Parasols Justly Titled Confections and suggestive of Daintiness—Their Real Uses.

Originally—years and years ago—a parasol was a spreading collapsible thing with a handle and intended to keep off rain. Now?

Well, not much. Nowadays a parasol is a confection in French millinery destined to lure on to their doom susceptible creatures of the male persuasion.

In these same good old days—all very old and half forgotten days are good, have you noticed?—parasols were divided into two classes.

There was the Uncle Josh buying gold bricks umbrella, a rich shade of bottle green tinged with chocolate and alkali dust.

Then there was the church going, silk hat, Gramercy Park parasol, aristocratic, slender and black silk, warranted not to crack.

As to the manner of carrying, you grabbed the handle in your fist and pointed the rod straight at the sun and, being sure you were right, went ahead.

Nowhere, at no time, were there ever more tricks, more wiles, more snares in the coquettish tilt of a sunshade than during this summer of 1906 on Fifth Avenue or on Avenue B.

You just ought to see one of the new parasols. Here is one like ripe cherries, even juicier, hemstitched and real natural wood handle. Little did you think, when you lived up on Beegum Creek, and Jimmy and you picked berries in June to buy new geographies in September, that the stubby roots that bumped your poor old yellow of one day, with faces washed, every freckle and speckle brought out conspicuously, and dressed in fluffy chiffon and hand painted satin, would greet you from the window of one of the finest shops on the avenue.

Does that bumpy, knobby handle whisper to you, when you hold it close to your face, of the smell of the great green ferns, the yellow of the poppies up there on Beegum Creek?

Once upon a time when you visited Mrs. Brown-Jones, whose husband endows colleges and has a great many diamonds, you went into a darkened chamber and slowly and solemnly drew from rolls of tissue paper in the bureau drawer a bit of satin with three roses and a leaf painted on it.

"Hand painted!" she whispered.

They use that same thrilling, spine chilling tone in the plays Mr. Comstock does like.

"Hand painted!" You gazed on the precious thing with eyes as full of adoration as the cherubs in Somebody's Madonna. Three whole roses and a leaf, and a hand painted!

Well, what would you say to a whole parasol of ivory satin hidden under a mass of roses, great luscious roses, and baby ducks pecking out from green leaf blankets, just the greatest little kind that grew along the banks of Beegum Creek in June?

What would you say to that?

And, honestly, it's a beautiful, too. So cheap it makes you laugh out loud. You tell the salesgirl you couldn't think of buying anything so common—you wonder if she stutters something else and trip over a rug on your way out. Only \$50!

Then there's another kind. You take a good linen sunshade and give it to the baby with a pair of big shoes; you tell him to go as far as he likes. While he's busy you rear up one of the front lace curtains kind of prismatic like, when you lay your face into it, it's like a picture of a baby's face, just the greatest little kind that grew along the banks of Beegum Creek in June.

Of course, to be honest, the lace applique doesn't really keep out rain, but it does let in on pink and white cheeks bewitching little shadows and flecks of sunlight, and some of us who are not as young as we used to be welcome any variation on the dainty straw rim, the bit of black court plaster or the dotted veil that once warranted off inspection of our complexion.

There's the ivory and gauze to us. The dainty touch and go it brings, of the youth we loved and lost.

Of course as long as bouquets of buds blossom, and as long as the sun is shining, as long as hard hearted bachelors and soft hearted widowers bite at the bait of strings, pink and white and lace, we will have with us the real, the very, the parasol—at-whetheries half hidden under a fetch of baby's cream.

"This species that goes the deadly work at those places noted for wild waves and mosquitoes, while duck trousers and novels, lobster and such like."

You see, it's this way: He carries her parasol. He is very anxious to please. He must needs look often into her face to see if any straggling sunbeam dares to intrude.

There's a dimple on the cheek toward him. It comes and goes when she laughs. And it's all over before you can say Jack Robinson. Later Sister Jane says it's the cut of her white tailor suit. Brother Bob is nifty and says it's sunstroke, and Murver says it's the eyes from the maternal grandmother's side. But the girl, she knows. She knows it's the parasol. And so she folds it lovingly away with a few tears and much lavender, the magic summer parasol of 1906.

PARK DUCKS TO THE FRONT.

They Are Now Rivals of the Squirrels for the Attention of Visitors.

The Central Park swans and squirrels have long been the pets of visitors, especially those who bring peanuts or crackers. Up to this summer their supremacy had been unquestioned. Now they find serious rivals in the wild ducks.

Given a bag of peanuts and a group of hungry ducks, and there is fun enough for any one so long as the peanuts last. In fact, the fun isn't always over when the peanut bag is empty, for more than one visitor has been compelled to sprint down Fifth Avenue in no dignified manner to escape being followed about by a bunch of hungry ducks.

To apply the adjective wild to these ducks involves stretching one's imagination. Tamer ducks were never known, and it is only the dignity of motherhood that teaches even temporary meekness.

Three broods of little ducklings appeared recently, to the delight of a couple of the keepers, who knew where the wild ducks' nests were hidden but did not dare to do more than peep at them for fear of attracting attention to the spot and thus alarming the ducks. No mother driving in the park with her children could be happier than was a mother duck the other day as she carefully picked her way down the stream bank from the nest, followed by her six ruffling offspring.

They had most genial dispositions and would have made friends with every one had the warning quack of their mother not kept them close to her side. She would let them go just so far but not an inch further, much to the amusement of the visitors who were trying to tempt them away.

In direct contrast to this happy family was a forlorn duck that waddled up and down the hard cement walk making all within hearing distance miserable with her quackings. Policemen, caretakers and boatmen were all pelted with questions as to the cause of her distress.

It was explained that she had recently been sitting on nine eggs. Finally one

hatched, and for a single beautiful day she was a proud mother.

A hungry rat developed a longing for duckling, and the only child was sacrificed to his appetite. For almost a week the mother duck was to be comforted and waddled up and down the hot, hard path, refusing all consolation in the form of peanuts and not once taking to the water until nightfall, when she paddled across the lake to the deserted nest.

As deliberate beggars and persistent fighters these ducks have already obtained quite a reputation. They possess the most wheedling quickness ever heard, warranted to make a stony hearted visitor instantly invest five cents in a bag of peanuts. So long as no rival appears peace reigns. Interference is not tolerated and is sometimes punished in amusing ways. For instance, the other day a large duck took an offender by the neck, dragged her down the bank and dropped her ignominiously in the pond simply because she had succeeded in stealing a peanut. These ducks have made the hit of the Central Park season.

The Female Form